

## The second part of

*Doll* I cannot speake, if my hart be not ready to burst: wel  
sweete Iacke, haue a care of thy selfe.

*Fal.* Farewell, farewell.

*Host.* Wel, fare thee wel, I haue knowne thee these twentie  
nine yeeres, come pease-cod time, but an honeste, and truer  
hearted man: wel, fare thee wel.

*Bard.* Mistris Tere-sheete.

*Host.* Whats the matter?

*Bard.* Bid mistris Tere-sheete come to my maister.

*Host.* O runne Doll, runne, runne good Doll, come, shee  
comes blubberd, yea? wil you come Doll? *exunt*

*Enter Iustice Shallow, and Iustice Silens.*

*Sha.* Come on, come on, come on, giue me your hand sir,  
giue me your hand sir, an early stirrer, by the Roode: and how  
doth my good coosin Silence?

*Si.* Good morrow good coosine Shallow.

*Sha.* And how doth my coosin your bedfellow? and your  
fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

*Si.* Alas, a blacke woofel, coosin Shallow.

*Sha.* By yea, and no, sir, I dare say my coosin William is be-  
come a good scholler, he is at Oxford stil, is he not?

*Si.* Indeede sir to my cost.

*Sha.* A must then to the Innes a court shortly: I was once  
of Clements Inne, where I thinke they wil talke of mad Shal-  
low yet.

*Si.* You were calld Lusty Shallow then, coosin.

*Sha.* By the masse I was calld any thing, and I would haue  
done any thing indeede too, and roundly too: there was I, and  
little Iohn Doyt of Staffordshire, and blacke George Barnes,  
and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotsole man, you  
had not foure such swinge-bucklers in all the Innes a court a-  
gaine, and I may say to you, wee knewe where the bona robes  
were, and had the best of them all at commaundement: then  
was Iacke Falstaffe, now sir Iohn, a boy, and page to Thomas  
Mowbray duke of Norffolke.

*Si.* This sir Iohn, coosin, that comes hither anone about  
souldiers?

## Henry the fourth.

souldiers?

*Sha.* The same sir Iohn, the very same, I see him breake  
Skoggins head at the Court gate, when a was a Cracke, not  
thus high: and the very same day did I fight with one Samson  
Stockefish a Fruiterer behinde Greves Inne: Iesu, Iesu, the  
mad dayes that I haue spent! and to see how many of my olde  
acquaintance are dead.

*Si.* We shal all follow, coosin.

*Sha.* Certaine, tis certaine, very sure, very sure, death (as the  
Psalmist saith) is certaine to all, all shall die. How a good yoke  
of bullockes at Samforth faire?

*Si.* By my troth I was not there.

*Sha.* Death is certaine: Is old Dooble of your towne liu-  
ing yet?

*Si.* Dead sir.

*Sha.* Iesu, Iesu, dead! a drew a good bow, and dead? a shot  
a fine shoote: Iohn a Gaunt loued him well, and betted much  
money on his head. Dead? a would haue clapt ith clowt at  
twelue score, and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteene and  
foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue doone a mans heart  
good to see. How a score of Ewes now?

*Si.* Thereafter as they bee, a score of good ewes may bee  
worth ten pounds.

*Sha.* And is olde Dooble dead?

*Si.* Here come two of sir Iohn Falstaffes men, as I thinke.

*Enter Bardolfe, and one with him*

Good morrow honest gentlemen.

*Bardolfe* I beseech you, which is iustice Shallow?

*Sha.* I am Robart Shallowe, sir, a poore Esquier of this  
Countie, and one of the Kings iustices of the peace: what is  
your good pleasure with me?

*Bard.* My Captaine, sir, commends him to you, my Cap-  
tain sir Iohn Falstaffe, a tall gentleman, by heauen, and a most  
gallant Leader.

*Sha.* He greetes me wel, sir, I knew him a good backsword  
man: how doth the good Knight? may I aske how my Ladie  
his